KHIVA--NO.

The Passage of the Oxus and the Capture of Khiva.

TERRITORIES OF THE KHAN.

Manners and Customs of the Khivans.

RUSSIA MAKES

An Attack, a Skirmish and a Retreat.

OCCUPATION OF THE CITY.

KHIVA. Sept. 15, 1873. I now started down the river towards the Rus nans, and after crossing innumerable canals and litches, which cut up the valley in every direction, I succeeded in reaching them. As I approached a young officer came towards me, and, as soon as I as within hearing distance, cried out in Russian, "Kto vee?" ("who are you?") with a very strong emphasis on the you. "Americanetz," I replied. When I got within talking distance—"You are the man who crossed the Kysil-Koom alone, are you ?" To which I answered in the affirmative. "All right, come along, and I will present you to the General. We heard you were on the way to join us only a few days ago." I dismounted, and he led me to General Golovachoff, whom I found sitting on a cannon, smoking a papyross. Near him was another piece, dismounted, and not far off the bodies of two horses that had just As I soon learned, this was the only ioss they had sustained, and although the ground was ploughed up in every direction by the enemy's cannon balls, and several officers had a very narrow escape, not a single man had been touched. If the Khivans had had shells instead of solid shot the Russian loss must certainly have been heavy.

General Golovachoff, a large, broad-shouldered man, with long beard and a frank, open expression of countenance that was very pleasing, shook hands with me cordially, told me I had done a very daring thing, and then invited me to breakfast, which, he assured me, would be ready in a few minutes. I suppose I looked as though I needed a breakfast and something more. Hollow-eyed, hollow-cheeked, dirty, dust-covered, uncombed, unkempt and ragged-my rifle, which I had carried for a month, slung over my shoulder in a bandoullere, had worn my coat into holes-I presented but a sorry spectacle among the Russian officers, who were all spruce in their white coats and caps with gold and silver buttons, as clean and starchy as though they were on grand parade on Isaac's square, St. Petersburg. The breakfast consisted of cold boiled beef, cold chicken, with a box of sardines and and a little rodka, and the cloth was spread out on the grass, which was here rich and luxuriant. They were all vary friendly, and manifested a good deal of curiosity about my experience in the Kysil-Koom, and surprise that I should have undertaken such a foolbardy journey alone. They said there were a hundred chances to one against me, and gave me such a lively account of the dangers I had escaped that I really began to be frightened and experienced something of the feeling of the man who having killed, as he supposed, a fine large wolf, fainted with terror upon being told he had slain the largest and most magnificen mess that had ever been seen in that country. They were very jubilant over the affair of the morning, and I found that I could not have arrived at a more favorable time. Everybody was in a good numor. The great difficulties of the campaign were over, and the interesting part of it had just com-They acknowledged, however, that if the Khivans had had shells instead of solid shot they would not all have been breakfasting there so gayly. While at breakfast Golovachoff was informed that some of the enemy had returned and were setting fire to a large boat that was lying under the fort. The sharpshooters were already at work, trying to drive them away, which they at last succeeded in doing before the fire had got fairly started. One of Kaufmann's small iron boats was immediately despatched to the other side with 20 soldiers and an officer of the topographical corps to capture the burning boat and make a hasty map of the river and surrounding country. In a couple of hours he returned with the boat which had been set on fire and which was but slightly damaged. and gave an interesting account of the condition of the place. The fort was of no use as a defence, It heine very small and the walls very thin and of simple sun-dried earth, insufficient to stop even a tour-pound shell. The Russian snells had apparently done a good deal of damage, as they found the soft earth saturated with blood in several places, and pieces of legs and arms scattered

CROSSING THE OXUS.

It was now well on in the afternoon, but, instead ccupying the abandoned fort, General Golovachoff gave orders to march back to camp, some five or six miles, where lay the main body of the army with General Kaufmann. For, as I soon learned, it was not their intention to cross the river at that point, but at Shoorahana, three or four miles further down, and that the affair of the morning had been brought about in order to allow the hoats to rass, which were captured at Ooch-Oochak and had not yet arrived. The evening before General Kaufmann was riding up the river bank very uneasy at their non-arrival. As ne passed this place the enemy opened on him in a very unexpected manner, for he had not until then suspected the existence of a fort here. The firing was very correct, the cannon balls falling right among them, and, in fact, the correctnes of their aim was, as the Grand Duke Nicholas laughingly told me, "remarkable-even disagreeable." As the boats would arrive in the atternoon, and as the enemy were no longer there to offer any resistance, we would return to camp and commence the passage next morning at a point lower down. When I reached the camp I accepted the hospitality of the officer who had first accosted me and who proved to be an old friend of Mr. Schuyler's, changed clothes, made a bout de toilette and then presented myself to General Kaufmann,

THE GENERAL COMMANDING. I found him sitting in an open tent, wrapped up n a Bokharan khalat or robe de chambre, taking tea and smoking a cigarette. A man between 45 and 50, bald and rather small of stature for a Russian, blue eyes, mustache without beard, and a pleasant, tindly expression of countenance. He shook sands with me, asked me to sit down, and then remarked that I appeard to be something of a molodyetz (a brave fellow), and asked me if I knew enough Russian to understand that. I told him I did, and thanked him for the compilment, After a few questions about my own adventures he gave me an account of the campaign up to that very difficult and trying. The last day before reaching the river they had been surrounded all the time by the Turcoman light horse, who kept galloping around them the whole distance, howling like demons, but without doing any harm, as the sharpers kept them at a safe distance. It was here I had seen so many dead horses. The discipline of the troops was so good that, although many of re mad with thirst upon arriving at the little lake of which I have already spoken, not a man broke ranks to get to the water, along the edge of which they were marching, but waited without a murmur until they had pitched their camp and received permissicy. Kaufmann spoke of the conduct of his soldiers almost with tears in his eyes. He said there were no other- soldiers in the world capable of doing what they had done, and I am fully of his opinion.

Once arrived at the water, and the safety of the

army thus assured, he threw a few shells among the

mans who had gathered in a mass near the rort of the mountain of Ooch-Oochak, and then charged them with the cavairy, driving them like wild geese for a distance of eight or ten miles, and which he would never nave been able to cross the river. It was these same boats which he had ordered to be brought down the river, while he marched down the bank, that he was looking for the day before, when the fort of Sheik-Arik opened on

UNVEILING MY MISSION.

The most difficult and delicate part of my interview still remained to be got through with-informing General Kaufmann what was my business there. As I judged that I would have sufficient difficulty in reaching the army without increasing it by letting out my object in joining the army, I had informed nobody what my real business was, nor was the nature of my errand mentioned in my letter of introduction. After he had exhausted every other topic of conversation I at last broached the subject, with the remark that he would probably like to know why I had come so far. He replied, "yes, he had some little curiosity on the subject," supposing, I think, that I had come through a mere love of adventure. Well, General," I said, with the uncomfortable feeling of a man who is about making a revelation which will immediately lower him in the good opinion of his listener; for the truth is I had been aimost sailing under false colors. "I am the correspondent of the NEW YORR HERALD," I thought could observe the slightest shade of disappointment pass over his usually benevolent face; but it was only for a moment. "Yes," he said, "I have heard of the NEW YORK HERALD in connection with Dr. Livingstone, and as a HERALD correspondent penetrated to Central Africa, 1 suppose 1t was the next thing to impossible to keep one out of Central Asia." I hastened to assure him that I would try and give him no reason to regret my coming, and that, with his permission, I would accompany the army during the rest of the campaign to Khiva. To this he consented willingly, and, as I was afterwards informed, put me on his staff and ordered that I should receive the rations

RUSSIAN KINDNESS.

From this time forward until the end of the campalgu against Khiva, and afterwards, during the war against the Turcomans, I was with the Russian army, and I would here take occasion to remark the kindness with which I was treated on all hands. I arrived almost destitute. I had neither sugar nor tea, the very first necessities of life in that country, nor anything else to eat, but I never wanted for anything; and although for the first two days after my arrival-when their supplies were exhausted and they had not yet commenced receiving any from the other side of the river, during which time nobody had anything, not even the black dried bread of the soldiers-I suffered the pangs of hunger, from the time they had anything to offer me I never passed a tent where they were eating or drinking tea that I was not invited. From the Grand Dukes down to the smallest officer in the detatchment it was the same. I was irvited on all hands, twenty times a day, to eat or take tea. Indeed, until I reached Khiva, I made no arrangements for having my servants prepare meals for me, but lived on the community at large; and now, as I write, I cannot think of the hospitality I received without a throb of grateful remembrance. I take this occasion to thank them, to thank many whose names I do not even know, but whose kindness and generosity I have experienced, and whose friendly faces I will not easily forget. As I had no tent I accepted the hospitality of the officer before mentioned, and, for the first time in three months, slept tranquilly. A GLIMPSE OF KHIVA.

The next morning at daylight we took up the line of march, but instead of going to Shoorahana, down the river, I was surprised to see that we were going back to our position of the day before. and soon learned that Kaufmann had decided to cross at Sheik-Arik, the scene of the previous day's engagement. We were soon on the spot, the boats had arrived, and within the hour the first boat load of fifty men had started across the river. This was the 30th of May. The morning was bright and warm, and I threw myself on the fresh green grass before our tent, which we had piaced at the water's edge, and lazily watched the scene before me. It was extremely beautiful and animated. The broad Oxus, flowing placidly, as it had done thousands of years ugo, when Alexander stood on its banks, as it will do thousands of years hence, the sunlight dancing and glimmering over its silvery surface; the other shore dim and misty, lined with dense groves of fruit trees and elms in masses of richest green, through which could be seen here and there the gray walls of an "Uzbeg" farmhouse or the slender façade of a graveyard mosque, forming a delicious repose for our sun scorched lonely, without any living moving figure to give it this strange, unknown land of Khiva dim and mysterious in the smoky distance away over the shining water, in a slient, sleepy, glorious splendor, over which the sunshine seemed to hang lovingly-beautiful, dreamy and mystical in its golden atmosphere as the far-lamed fabled land of the melancholy, mildeved lotus eaters.

STILL LIFE IN CENTRAL ASIA. And I lay on the grass before my tent, fully watching it, and thinking of all the stories I had ever heard of regarding it, of its cruel and despotic khans, its wild, fanatical Mohammedan population its beautiful women, its strange, mysterious character and isolated position, which had rendered it inaccessible to Europeans as the enchanted caves of the mountain-unable to realize my position and half expecting to wake up and find myself some thousands of miles away, in another sphere. The quiet of the other shore contrasted powerfully with our side, which was all life, animation and movement. Groups of soldiers, horses and camels and Cossacks, some just arriving, some splashing about in the water, climbing into the boats, drag ging in the artillery, forcing in the unwilling horses, tumbling in the baggage, shouting and crying to each other the while like mad. Here was a boat load just putting off from the shore, here 20 brawny, muscular fellows, stripped naked, dragging a boat up stream against the current, in order to give it a fair start for crossing, that it should not be borne too far down before reaching the other side; everywhere bustle, animation, life and movement, and I thought it was not the least remarkable passage of the Oxus recorded in history.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RIVER.

I could not help admiring the Russian soldiers. Most of them had never been in a boat in their lives before, nor even seen one, probably, but they seemed as much at home here as though they had been born on the water and lived on it all their lives. It took a boat only about 20 minutes to cross, and the same length of time to return, but it was borne down the river so far each time that dragging it back to the starting point against the current required fully an bour. There were three large boats, capable of carrying each 50 or 75 men, and eight small ones that would hold only about 10. These were the native boats, called kayooks, and are constructed of the trunks of small trees, rough hewh to an even thickness o about six inches, nearly flat-bottomed and with a very heavy piece of timber forming the stem and stern, projecting three or four feet above the hullmaking a very heavy and unwieldy craft. All day the passage of the river was continued without any opposition on the part of the enemy, and their utter incapacity for defending themselves was shown by the fact that they thus quietly allowed Kaufmann to cross the river here without the slightest molestation. They might have hidden behind the banks, out of reach of the artillery, and upon the arrival of each boat, which never contained more than so men, might have fallen on them and overpowered them by piecemeal. It would have been impossible for the artillery to protect them in such an attack from the other shore. sians were allowed to cross without molestation, however, and all that day the passage was rapidly continued. In a few hours two companies and taken up a defensive position in and about the fortress, which put them out of danger of being overpowered by any sudden assault, and thus the passage of the Oxus was assured. Meanwhile we anew nothing of what was passing at Khiya, and

our imaginations were excited by the mysterious dience that reigned on the other side.

would the Khan think of making any serious re-sistance after thus giving indisputed passage of the Amoo, his strongest line of defence? Or would he simply run away and betake himself to the desert ? We had no means of deciding this ques tion, and could only conjecture as to what his future line of action would be. That night, about twelve o'clock, when everybody had gone to sleep, we were suddenly awakened by the reveille. Springing to our feet, in the half belief that the enemy were making a night attack, we found that it was not the Khivans, but the water, that was advancing upon us. The old Oxus, angry, per-haps, at this unusual attempt to cross him, had suddenly commenced rising since dark, as though hoping to catch us napping, and had risen about six feet in the course of three hours, threatening to-drown us out. The order was given to decamp and move to higher ground, which order was obeyed in confusion. comrade and I got separated from our servants and baggages in the darkness and were unable to find them-a misfortune which was not lightened by our being obliged to swim our horses over a canal along with camels and Cossucks in order to reach safe ground, in the execution of which movement we got wet to the skin. As it was impossible to find anybody we had nothing to do but throw ourselves on the damp grass, with our saddle blankets for a cover, and wait until daylight. THE BIVER RISES. The next morning the entire aspect of affairs had

changed. The Oxus was so wide and the current

so rapid that Kaufmann was obliged to change his base of operations and move up the river about a mile. This was effected and the passage continued without interruption, but much more slowly than the day before. It now required fully three hours for a boat to make the round trip. The horses swam over for the most part, and nearly all the camels were sent back for the detachi Alti-Koodook and Khala-ata. I crossed with General Kanfmann and his staff on the 1st of June. We found the fort of Shelk-Arik very small-indeed, the fort, properly speak-ing, was not more than 30 feet in diameter, and was a mere toy house, so utterly insignifican was it as a place of defence. The situation, however, was capable of a very formidable defence if the troops of the Khan had known how to defend it. Sheik-Arik, as its name indicates, is a canal, now dry, but which formerly received and conducted water from the river into the interior of the khanate, and may do yet, when the river is high. Its banks were from 20 to 30 feet high, running for a short distance almost parallel to the river, and forming an excellent defence-an earthwork of formidable dimensions. The sixpound shells of the Russians might have exploded here a long time before making any impression on the solid banks of earth. The utter ignorance of the Khivans of military matters was most strikingly shown in the construction of the little mud fort on the summit of one of these banks, whose walls were so thin that the Russian shells went through them like cardboard. I only remarked on this afterwards, for upon setting foot on shore my comrade and I made a rush for the bazaar, which had been opened that day for the first time by the Knivans, in response to a friendly proclamation of General Kaufmann. We had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours, not even the dried black bread of the soldiers, and we had been subsisting on tea and a little joogerie, a kind of plant very much resembling the American broom corn. Now, fasting for 36 hours under ordinary circumstances, when you are in good condition, physically speaking, is a matter of no consequence at all. But when you have been on short rations for a month, during which time you have consumed your superfluous store of fat, it becomes a very serious matter indeed. We made a rush, then, for the bazaar, or market, as it might more properly be called. The Khivans had responded to Kaufmann's proclamation with cart loads of flour, fruit, chickens, sheep, fresh wheaten bot cakes and hot apricots, rice, sugar, tea, great quantities of white mulberries, and clover and joogerie for the horses They had drawn up their great lumbering wooden carts just outside the camp and were now surrounded by the Russian soldiers, with whom they seemed to be on excellent terms. A few of the soldiers spoke Tartar or Kirgheez, but those who could not managed to get on somehow by signs, and the most lively exchange was going on between them when we arrived upon the scene, The Russians were paying, as I observed, triple and quadruple prices without hesitation. Where they got the money I do not know and cannot guess to this day, but the fact is they all seemed to have money to spend. It is true, many of those I saw were servants of the officers, but by far the

greater number were the common soldiers. MARKETS OPENED. My friend and I bought hurriedly several pounds of flour, a sheep, a calf, a quantity of warm bread, some Bokharian honey, apricots and mulberries-enough provisions, in short, to last a month, never doubting for a moment but we would eat it all the same day. We were so hungry that we were not even then quite satisfied that we had enough to supply our present wants. The Khivans who brought us these things were the "Usbegs," of the environs, and, having satisfied my craving of hunger by two or three wheaten cakes and a little honey, I commenced examining the strange people before me with great curiosity.

THE KHIVAN PEASANTS. They were generally medium-sized, lean, muscular fellows, with something of a sinister cast of countenance and long black beards. Their costume consisted of a white-or what was once white-cotton shirt and loose pants of the same material, over which was worn a "khalat," a kind of long robe cut straight and reaching to the heels. Most of them were barefooted, and wore on their heads a tall, heavy, black sheepskin cap, weighing fully six or seven pounds. The khala of the Khivans is very ugly, of a dirty brown and yellow, disposed in narrow stripes, entirely unlike the beautiful khalat of the Boxharans, with its brilliant colors. Altogether the costume of the Khivans is, I think, the ugitest and most inconvenient I have ever seen. The heavy sheepskin cap alone is enough to destroy the intelligent vorking of the mest active brain, and I no longer wondered at the backward state of their civilization upon seeing their monstrous hats. The khalat, besides being hideously ugly, is most inconvient, and although generally wadded with cotton and very warm, is never taken off, apparently, during the hottest days, not even when their owners are performing manual labor. They were very friendly, seemingly, and, so far from being afraid of their conquerors, did not hestitate, as before remarked, to ask triple and quadruple prices for everything they sold. They had, at first, gnt the Russians would simply take what they wanted without pay, not even excepting their wives—a very natural proceeding, according to their ideas, and one which they themselves would certainly have adopted. But when they found this was not the case they, with true Asiatic acuteness, ommenced driving the best possible bargain without a grateful thought for the generous man-

ner in which they were treated. RUSSIAN KINDNESS TO THE CONQUERED. To tell the truth, I myself was considerably surprised at the orderly proceedings of the Russians. understood that Count Schouvaloff had informe the corrrespondent of an English paper, who had applied to him for permission to accompany the expedition, that they did not wish to have correspondents there, because they made war in these countries in a very barbarous manner; that Kniva would probably be pillaged and burned and the inhabitants massacred, and that they did not want the eyes of Europe fixed on them while committing these atrocities. I was, therefore, not a little astonished to see that the Russians conducted themselves with these savages in a way that contrasted forcistill more forcibly with the conduct of "Sherman's bummers" in the South. To tell the truth, the world in general has a very imperfect and exaggerated notion of the Russians, and especially of the Russian soldiery. I remember what my notion giant-like fellows, with enormous bristing beards and mustache, fierce eyes and a terrible aspect, with all the feroclous instincts of the race—orusi.

wild, uncultivated Barbarian—in short, with nothing in common with civilised troops except his discipline. Such was my idea of the Russian soldier, and I suppose there are few of my readers who have not had very similar notions. There never was a greater mistake.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER is not by any means the fierce savage we have always heard him represented to be. He is neither cruel nor bloodthirsty, as far as I have seen, but, on the contrary, rather kind and gentle when not enraged, as I since observed in many little acts of kindness towards the Turcoman children during the campaign against the Yomoods. The lower classes of the Russian people, although ignorant and superstitious to the last degree, are not by nature either cruel or brutal, like the genuine Anglo-Saxon. For cold-blooded brutality the latter has no equal among any of the races of Europe, and if there should ever be a Commune at London the Commune of Paris will appear as a rather virtuous affair than otherwise. THE PROCLAMATION.

To return to the Russian in Khiva. General Kauimann as soon as he reached the river issued a proclamation warning the Khivans that if they would stay quietly in their homes they would not be molested, that their property and their women would be respected and that the Russians would pay with ready money for supplies, provisions and forage brought into camp; but if they had to go into the country foraging for supplies they would take what they needed without paying for it, and would besides pillage and burn every abandoned ouse they should find. The supplies brought in that day were in answer to this proclamation. The Khivans at first refused the Russian paper money, as they had never seen it before and did not understand it. They accepted with eagerness, however, the small silver money in pieces of 10, 15 and 20 kopecks, of which the Eussians had a large supply. A piece of 20 kopecks, about 15 cents of our money, passed readily for one "kokan." a sil-

ver coin of Khivan money. BREAD AND PRUIT. The most curious of the things they brought us were the white mulberries, a kind which I had never before seen, and the wheaten cakes. These were made of unbolted flour, mixed apparently, simply with water, and rolled out thin about the size of a large dinner plate and baked a nice brown on the inner sides in a little mud oven. This is the only bread known in Khiva, and when eaten warm is really excellent. It must be eaten when fresh, however, as it grows sour and uppalatable in a lew hours. The gardens and cultivated land do not extend quite to the river at Sheik Arik, but stop short within about half a mile of the fort. As there were neither trees nor grass here we found we were much worse off than on the other side, where there was plenty of fresh green grass at least; and the dust here was terrible-worse even than at Khala-Ata. The banks of the canal formed of dry soft earth, had first been trampled into powder by the Khivans and now by the Rus sians, until it was a foot deep and the wind kept blowing it about in whiriwinds that at times were suffocating. I never suffered so much from dust and beat in my life, and what made it worse were the fresh green gardens and the cool, dark shade of mighty eims which were within a few minutes walk of us and which we were not allowed to approach.

KHIVA-NO. 8.

We had been here three days now at Sheik Arik the army crossing as rapidly as possible, when sud denly the Khivans ceased bringing in supplies. As this was the only dependence the army had for food, it became necessary to take active measures for procuring supplies, and Kaufmann prepared to put his threat of foraging into execution. It appeared that the troops of the Khan, having recovered at last from their iright at the affair of Shelk-Arik, had returned to the neighborhood and threatened with death anybody who should bring in supplies to the Russians. Kaufmann, therefore, sent out a reconnoitring and foraging party, under the command of Colonel Cherkovsky, consisting of two companies of injuntry, or 300 men, two little tour-pounders and 200 Cossacks. The Cossacks were to do the foraging, but not to take anything by force which could be had for money. They had privilege to pillage any abandoned houses they might find, and the officer in command was to in form the inhabitants that if they did not immediately bring in supplies for money he would send and take them for nothing. The infantry was to advance into the interior, reconnoitre the ground and endeavor to find and feel the enemy. THE GARDENS OF KHIVA.

direction by canals, we crossed a bridge over a deep and narrow canal, and, advancing along a broad and well kept but custy road, soon found A vision of beauty and enchantment, such as even by book-fed imagination we never expected to see, broke upon our The change was so sudden from the redhot glare of the sand to the cool shade and fresh, green verdure which greeted our weary eyes, the little fields of waving grain, fruit trees of all kinds bending under their loads of ripe and green fruits, tail, noble old elms spreading their long arms and thick green foliage, and the dark, cool shade over little pools of water, gray, battlemented walls of the houses and farm yards peeping out from among the trees, and the newness, the strangeness of the and impenetrability, made us survey the scene that was thus opened for the first time to the gaze of Europeans with a delight and admiration only foot in a new world. There were mulberry trees holding out their rich, luscious berries over the road for us to eat from our horses' backs; 'apple trees, with their mass of dark green foliage; apricot trees, aglow with the rosy bloom of then delicate, delicious fruit; cherries, gleaming rich and red among their dark green leaves; tall young poplars lifting their slender forms against the sky, and streams of water, shaded with bushes, running about in every direction. It seemed to be as thickly populated as Belgium; farmhouses could be seen everywhere as we advanced, within 200 or 300 yards of each other. HOME LIFE IN CENTRAL ASIA.

This part of the country is inhabited by the Usbegs. Their houses and farm yards are enclosed with heavy walls, from 15 to 20 feet high, strength ened with pillars placed at regular intervals, and strong corner towers, and are entered by an arched and covered gateway, closing with a very heavy wooden gate. They are all built on the same rectangular plan, from 25 to 15 yards square, each farmhouse being a little fortress in itself far more actually built to serve that purpose against the Turcomans, who nearly every year make raids on their Usbeg neighbors. The walls are composed of mud, but of a certain kind that gets comparatively hard, and it is not worked up into small bricks, like like granite, three or four feet square and as many thick. Inside of this rectangle, which contains the stables for horses, cattle, sheep, and, in fact, all their live stock, as well as the dwelling of the inhabitants, is always a little pool of clean water, 30 or 40 feet square and shaded by three or four large eims. The cims of Khiva are very beautiful. I saw many of a size and beauty that would make the heart of the "Autocrat of the breakfast table" leap for joy, and which were probably many hundred years old, so that the farms containing them can poast of as great antiquity as many a feudal castle of Europe. Under these trees, during the summer, the family pass most of their time, preparing and eating their meals, passing their hours of idleness, of which there are a good many in the life of an Usbeg, while the women weave and spin the golden threads of the silk The interior of their houses dark, gloomy and uncomfortable, only lighted by small holes in the walls, window glass being unknown, but very often fitted up with a quantity of carpets, bright colored mats, rugs and cushions. We rode into the first farmhouse we came to—the gate was standing wide open—and found three or four men sitting quietly under the class beside the

ol. They were a little startled at first, but after, to which they replied "that they were in a very dimout position; that is they sold supplies to the Russians the Khan would cut off their heads, and if they did not the Russians would pillage them." The Colonel told them to take whatever they had to sell to the camp, and that as the country he would see that they were protected. mised to obey, and we advanced to the next house, where the same scene was repeated. GENTLE WARPARK.

We only found a few houses deserted, but we did not pillage them; indeed there was nothing to pillage, if we had wished, as there rarely remained anything but the bare walls. The Cossacks spread themselves about through the country on each side of the road, foraging, while the infantry marched forward to reconneitre. The country was most admirably adapted to defence, and, if the Khivans had known how to defend it, they might have made a formidable resistance. Every few rods there was a bridge, which might have been destroyed, and there were walls, bedges and ditches, clumps of trees and houses in such a grand number in which masses of men might have found cover and protection that our cavalry would have been useless, and would have reduced our artillery, as well as breech loaders, to a level with that of the Khivans. Their heavy brass pieces, charged to the muzzle with slugs and iron, would have been quite as effective at short range as the Russian Every house was a fortress whose wails would have to be battered down and stormed, with loss to the Russians and little or none to the defenders, who could easily escape in time to avoid a collision with the bayonet. The Russians would, of course, have overcome every obstacle after a fight and a smaller or greater loss; but they were, after all, comparatively few, while the Khivans were numerous, and a war of this kind carried on for a few days would have so reduced them that they would have been unable to take advantage of their

victory. A MARCH AND NOT A CONFLICT. But the Kaivans showed neither inclination nor capacity for self-defence, and the Russian march was almost unmolested. Our little column moved forward through green fields or beautiful wheat, joogerie, rice and barley, which were in a most fourishing state. The road, which was very crooked and tortuous, was lined sometimes with mulberry trees, from which the soldiers plucked the ripe fruit in passing, sometimes shut in by huge mud walls, over which the branches of the apricot trees hung in rich profusion, or bounded on either side by deep canals, with high banks, covered with verdure, and full of running water, and again shaded by giant eims, whose thick, cool shade fell across the road in dark blotches. As it rarely rains here the road was very dusty, and we raised a cloud of dust, which rose high, making our march visible for a long distance and ominous to

the Khivans of approaching misfortune.

THE ENEMY IN SIGHT.

At length, after we had gone about six miles, we

commenced seeing signs of the enemy. We began to come upon abandoned houses in great number, which their owners had been forced to desert by the Knan's troops, and now and then a horseman would start out from behind a wall and scurry off along the road, comet-like, leaving a train of dust after him. At last the horsomen began to appear more numerous and we commenced to catch glimpses of them through the trees, galloping through the gardens on either side of us. Our skirmish line was thrown out, and almost immediately the shard, ringing report of the rifle broke on the still afternoon air. The silence which had reigned until then was instantly broken; shouls and cries were heard all around us, coming apparently from thousands of throats, and the firing on the skirmish line grew lively and rapid. Before us the skirmisners, dodging forward, sheltering themselves behind trees, walls or whatever else they found in their way, firing their pieces at every opportunity, and reloading and firing again; the Turcoman cavalry, glimpses of which we could catch scurrying through the trees, with their tall hats and beautiful horses, in groups of 15 or 20, while the whole country for miles around seemed to resound with their wild cries. To judge by this latter indication one would have thought we were surrounded by thousands of the enemy. I expected we would be fired upon from behind the walls and embankments; but if they had even had any such design, which is doubtful, they were easily driven out of their ambuscades by the skirmishers and the column steadily continued its march. This

continued for about three miles.

more trees, gardens and houses, and there, massed to the number of several thousands, was the enemy, apparently waiting to give us battle. They were firing their falconnettes, as the Russians called them-a kind of heavy matchlock. Some of these falconnettes were mounted on wheels, like a cannon, four and five together, and when fired at once produced something of the effect of a mitraillense, and were capable of doing considerable execution at short range. They were too far off, however, to do us any harm. Our two little pieces of artiliery were brought forward and commenced throw ing shells. Two or three exploded among them seeming to do considerable damage, as they scattered in every direction, but they took shelter be hind the walls and seemed disposed to stand their ground, without, however, showing any disposition to retreat. Many an officer in the place of Colonel Cherkovsky would probably have attacked at all hazards; but our force was very small, too small to take by storm the fortress and town of Hazar-Asp, which we knew must be near, and a battle here would only have caused the loss of men without any sufficient object. The Colonel had already sent back word that he had engaged the enemy, with a request for reinforcements, and he concluded to await further orders before taking such a hazardous step. We, therefore, stood in front of each other for nearly an hour, while a continual fire was kept up along the skirmish line. We were in continual expectation of their artillery opening upon us, and at that distance not only small shot, but slugs and stones fired from their pieces might easily have reached us; but either because they were afraid of our capturing it or because they had no confidence in it they not bring it forward. After waiting here about an hour, and no remiorcements arriving, we commenced retiring. The Khivans were immediately after us, and followed so closely that the rear guard was kept continually engaged. Several of the enemy were seen to fall, but were immediately picked up and carried off by their comrades. We were fired upon once from a house on the side of the road, and an officer was so severely wounded that he afterwards died-the only loss we sustained during the day. We had got about half way back to camp, when we met the Grand Duke Nicholas, hurrying forward with a detachment to reinforce us. He expressed a good deal of chagrin at finding us on the homeward march, and was for returning and attacking Hazar-Asp at once. He was dissuaded from this, however, by Colonel Cherkovsky, who convinced him that it was now too near night to make an attempt on a fortified place.

We nevertheless galloped back again, as the Grand Duke wished to see the ground and observe whether the enemy were still disposed to give u battle. We soon came to the corpse of a dead Tur-coman lying beside the road. He had approached too near the retiring fear guard, and had been shot fairly through the head and fallen apparently unnoticed by his comrades, who otherwise have carried off the body. is considered dishonorable among them to allow either killed or wounded to fall into the hands of their enemy. The corpse was dust covered, grimy and horrible, lying in the mud beside the road, and I rode past it with a shudder. It soon began to grow late; we turned back once more and started for camp. "I think," said the Grand Duke, turning to me, laughingly, as we rode along, "I would like to forage a little. The orders are to bring everything in the way of sheep and cattle for which there are no owners. Will you come along?" So we leaped over a canal which bordered the road and commenced galloping merrily about among

the gardens, taking low want, and disc in search of prey. We were not very successively not because there were not ple bows, sheep and even horses, but because advised owner always put in an appearance just when he was least wanted. We delivered up, with instructions given through Ak-Mamateff to whatover they had to sell into camp or the next time they would not escape so easily. These or, ders were given with such a good-natured smile, however, by the Grand Duke, who was like a schoolboy broken loose, considering the whole business as "such a lark." that the natives, I am afraid, were not very much impressed by the neces-sity of obedience. We generally found them at-ting under the trees near the house, with their women and children, a little frightened and timid, but soon regaining their confidence and composure upon seeing that the Russians were not all evilly disposed. They offered us milk, a little fruit or sometimes fresh wheaten cakes as a pesce offering, and seemed immensely re when we accepted. Once the Grand Duke seized the most hideously ugly donkey I ever saw, over which he went into ecstasies. "Quel'es oreilles, mon Dieut regardez dono! My arms are nothing to them. And his eyes! What an expresion! It's enough to put us all out of countenan the very impersonation of obstinacy and entete ment. He must be at least 500 years old. Char mant, charmant / If he only let us hear his voice !" and the Grand Duke was about handing it over to one of his followers, when the inevitable owner he, delivering nim up with regret; "A state of laid?" We continued our way homeward, the Grand Duke rattling away in French and English, evidently enjoying the excursion immensely, and regarding it more in the light of a picnic on an exended scale than anything else.

A PRIENDLY GREETING.

I had just reached the road again, and was turnng into it in the direction of the camp, when I was hailed in English in the following terms:- "I say, American, don't you want a drink of sherry?" looked around, and beheld a young officer bo up a pocket flask to my delighted gaze. "Ger tainly," I replied. "It is a capital sherry," he added, handing it to me. "I just got it from General Kaufmann." I tasted it, and found it to be, as he said, capital, and we then rode along together to wards the camp, conversing about the excursion of the afternoon. He had only arrived with the reinforcement, and, not knowing exactly what had happened, I related to him the incidents of the afternoon, in which he was deeply interested. "What a beastly thing it is that they won't fight a little," he There will be no fun at all after our long march through the desert. I had hoped they were going to oppose the passage of the river after the affair of Sheik-Arik, and they might have given us an infinite deal of trouble, but they let us pass without striking a blow. And see what a defence they might have made here in these gardens; they could pick us off from behind every wall and canal at short range, where their arms would be as good as ours, and yet we pass along here as unconcernedly as though we were riding along the Newsky in St. Petersburg. C'est dégoutant!"

RUSSIAN GRAND DUKES.

We arrived at camp at dark, and it was not until next day that I learned that the officer whose pocket flask I so unceremoniously helped to empty was the Grand Duke of Leuchtenberg. I knew he was with the expedition, but had not yet made his acquaintance, nor had he been pointed out to me, so that I had entered into conversation with him without in the least suspecting who he was. I feit at first somewhat embarrassed when I remembered the unceremonious manner in which I had made away with his sherry, but soon found I had no occasion for it. Both he and the Grand Duke Nicholas were very simple and unassuming in their manners, without either arrogance or presump tion on account of their high social position, and were on even terms of good fellowship with everybody. The former was especially a bail fellow well met with the humbiest officer in the detachment. He had even been reprimanded by General Kaufmann once, when at Khala-ata, for trying, with a few jolly boon companions, to drive away duli care at an hour of the morning not considered military by the Commander-in-Chief, for which he was none the less liked, however, I have found that the Russians, in spite o their despotic form of government, are far more liberal in their notions than many other peoples with more liberal governments. A grand duke will associate on perfectly equal terms with the inferior officers without social rank or title, and you never see a Russian nobleman afraid of compromising himself by associating with a crossing the short space of country between us about half a mile wide, across which the road led and the gardens, and which was cut up in every on a very narrow embankment. Beyond were who can boast of a lineage dating back 1,100 years, beside which the proud Hohenzollerns appear in comparison like a mushroom upstart of yesterday. General Kaufmann decided to march against Hazar Asp next day, as a sufficient number of the troops had now passed the river. He had, besides, news from General Vérevkine, the commander of the Granburg detachment, who had taken Kungrad and was now under march for Khiva.

General Kaufmann related to me a very curious anecdote about the way in which he received General Vérevkine's letter, that is very characteristic of the place and people. The three Kirgheez djegeets or guides, to whom the letter had been entrusted letter seized, together with some Russian paper money which they had. They were brought before the Khan and the chief dignitaries of State to be questioned. When asked why they were going towards the Russians, they replied that they were on the way to Bokhara to collect the money for sheep they had previously sold. But as they could give no satisfactory explanation of the way in which they had come by the papers they were thrown into prison and a grand council of wat held over the captured papers, which hobody, of

A certain Khivan merchant, who had been to Russia, was called in to see if he could give any although unable to read, judging rightly that the letter was some important correspondence being exchanged between the two advancing armies, determined to get the paper into his own After examining them very intently for some min-utes, he gravely assured them that the letter was nothing at all—a bit of worthless paper, and nothing more; but that the bank notes of 10 and 25 rubles were most important documents and should be carefully kept until some one should be found to read them. Having thus succeeded in withdrawing attention from the letter, he slyly slipped it into his khalat when nobody was watching, and made off with it. Before it had been missed he had sent it with a trusty messenger to General Kaulmann, then crossing the Amoo. The incident is an exceedingly characteristic one, as illustrating Eastern ignorance and cunning. No European, under such circumstances, would have ever thought of the ingenious device of making anypody believe that bank notes were valuable

We marched next morning at sunrise for Hazar-Asp. Taking our way over the road we had tra-versed the day before, we soon arrived upon the

scene of the previous day's engagement. The body of the dead Turcoman was still lying in the mud beside the road, where we left it yesterday. Api parently the enemy had not been here since, or they would certainly have not left the body of their dead comrade here without burisl. When we arrived where they had shown themselves the day before in such force we found the place deserted. They had retired, as we supposed, into seried. They had retired, as we supposed, into the fortress of Hazar-Asp, which was reported as standing in the middle of a small lake, entirely surrounded by water, with only one gate, and as being very strong. It was thought they would make a stand here if they meant to resist any further, which we had

every reason to suppose they would do.

We had reached about naifway when we met
two ambassadors coming to meet us in order to
negotiate. They were very humble, and dismounted from their righly caparisoned horses and
took off their hate as they met the advance guard.